

COLLECTOR

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IN THIS ISSUE:

THE BURROUGHS-DOYLE CONNECTION

BY DANA MARTIN BATORY

--How Sir Arthur Conan Doyle influenced
Edgar Rice Burroughs.

HARLEQUIN

BY JOHN CARPENTER

--The first published fiction by a
successful movie director.

LASER BOOKS

BY KEITH L. JUSTICE

--Analysis and bibliography of a
short-lived science fiction line.

THE PULP CORNER

BY NICK CARR & BOB SAMPSON

--Part 2 of a regular SFC feature.

REGENCY BOOKS

BY TOM WHITMORE

--A preliminary checklist of this unique
sf-author-oriented line.

THE SUBJECT WAS DEATH

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--Death as it was treated in the
Operator 5 and G-8 pulps.

WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON

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--Bibliography of this popular
early fantasist.

WELCOME! For many of you this will be the first issue of THE SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR that you have seen, and for all of you, it is the first issue of SFC in tabloid format. It's been pretty exciting for me to put this project together, but the response from both subscribers and advertisers has been very gratifying.

Take a close look at the address label in the black box above this column. To the right of your name appears a number. You will continue to receive each issue of SFC until and including the issue bearing that number.

If you had a subscription to the old version of SFC (or MEGAVORE), your subscription has been extended by 3 issues. If, in addition, your subscription was to issue 20 or beyond, your subscription has also been extended by one extra issue for every two yet to fulfill in your subscription.

In fact, I've got a special offer to really launch SFC in this format. It's a special three-for-two offer to subscribers, new or old. If you subscribe or extend your subscription before September 30, 1981, a regular 6-issue subscription (at the low rate of \$9.00) will get you NINE issues of SFC!

There is no upper limit to how many issues you can subscribe to, but you must take a minimum 6-issue subscription.

If you subscribe or extend your subscription between September 30, 1981, and November 30, 1981, I will give you one extra issue for each THREE subscribed to, thus giving you EIGHT issues of SFC for the regular subscription price of \$9.00.

If you subscribe or extend your subscription between December 1, 1981 and December 31, 1981, I will give you one extra issue of SFC, thus giving you SEVEN issues of SFC for the regular rate of \$9.00.

The same rates hold true for airmail subscriptions, as well. However, you must add \$2.00 for each issue in your subscription to cover the airmail postage. Thus, if you

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AD RATES

AD DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE IS SEPTEMBER 30, 1981

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ALL ADS WILL BE CONFIRMED BY POSTCARD. Should you need to telephone, call (204) 324-8548 during regular office hours (Central Time).

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subscribe before September 30, you would get NINE issues for the regular rate for SIX, but would have to add the \$2.00 airmail postage fee for all nine issues. (I'd like to make it simpler than that, but the Post Office does demand high rates for first class mailing of a newspaper this size.

HOW THIS SPECIAL OFFER WORKS:

If you send your subscription by: Sept. 30 Nov. 30 Dec. 31

Regular 6-issue sub. Send \$9.00			
Number of issues you will receive: 9	B		7
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No. of issues you will receive: 9	B		7
But you must add	\$6.00	\$4.00	\$2.00

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Additional issues:	2	3.00	1 free	--	--
	3	4.50	1 free	1 free	--
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	5	7.50	2 free	--	--
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issues:	3	10.50	1 free	1 free	--
	4	14.00	2 free	1 free	--
	5	17.50	2 free	1 free	--
	6	21.00	3 free	2 free	1 free

(ADD \$2.00 FOR EACH FREE ISSUE, ON ADDITIONAL AIRMAIL ISSUES.)

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became evident to me when I learned of and researched the career of Herman Petersen of Poolville, N.Y., who sold to BLACK MASK, WINGS, and others in the 1920's and '30's. A lengthy biography and one of his short aviation stories appear in the second issue of my Attic Revivals. Petersen kept detailed records of his submissions and sales and his son still has this material plus correspondence and carbon copies.

It is a fascinating study of frustrating years before a breakthrough and acceptance as a writer.

It is a story which spans rejection slips to \$750 serials. A number of pulp writers I've interviewed or corresponded with look back on their pulp careers with amusement; they are

This month's cover is by Steve Fox.

THE SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR is published bi-monthly, on the last day of odd-numbered months. Submission of materials for publication should reach us a minimum of thirty days before said date, to allow time for preparation. All advertising materials should reach us no later than 15 days before publication date. Unless otherwise stated, all material is copyright 1981 by J. Grant Thiesen. Copyright is re-assigned to contributors upon request. Unless otherwise stated, all reproductions of book covers are copyright by their respective publishers on the dates cited in the accompanying text.

This issue released July 31, 1981.

Edited by J. Grant Thiesen. Production assistance on this issue provided by Ramona Voth.

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now involved in other things. The pulps were stepping stones, a beginning. Why does anyone care about them?

For our final segment, the Pulp Corner Movie Review: From time to time we'll take a look at specific motion pictures that have what the two of us call 'a pulp flavor' about them. Our nomination for the year's all time great pulp-style adventure has to be RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK. The time is in the thirties. The hero's name is Indiana Jones. He knows how to use a bull whip and handle a gun. If you want two hours of narrow escapes, cliffhanger scenes, and just about everything else we 'kids' looked for back in our growing up days, this is a must-see. It's a shame the people behind the scenes didn't get their hands on the Doc Savage film. It would have been great. Both of us feel it has sequel written all over it. Somhow get the necessary funds and join Indiana in his search for the Biblical Ark of the Covenant. You won't regret it. This is the one picture you won't get up to go out for popcorn or go to the bathroom.

Harlequin

By JOHN CARPENTER

In 1969, a magazine called THE CONTINENT (Bowling Green, KY: Continental Free Press, Vol. 1 #2, November 1969, edited by Tom Fuller, Don Walton & Jesse Robison) published the first fiction of John Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter's reputation rests not on his fiction, however, but on his movie directing. Beginning with DARK STAR, he has directed a number of significant movies, including HALLLOWE'EN, the Elvis Presley TV-movie (with Kirk Russell), and a number of others. His latest is ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK, being released just about this time. Thanks to Jesse Robison, we are able to present this first speculative venture of John Carpenter.

HARLEQUIN

by John Carpenter

It was after midnight, and the sounds from the car radio had drifted into chorused murmurings. He had pulled off the road at about eleven and had been parked, watching the ocean, since.

The night air was cool; he didn't mind the darkness, and could hear the east wind stir the spruces along the beach. The ocean was beryl black and alive. It spoke to him in sibilant whispers as gull shapes whisked across a cloud-moon. He sat very still, listening, and found himself swallowing as the water rushed and bled into the sand. His fingers flicked at his collar, loosening his tie.

Too long, he thought, opening the door of the car. Ten years. He started walking and the bushes and tree branches around the car willowed and softly pulled against him. Fingers of grass rippled on his socks. Ten years. His mouth was dry, and he swallowed, rubbing his lips with the back of his hand. Finally his feet touched the chalky sand; there were no trees around him, only the open air smell of the sea.

Ten years. He bent near the shore and scooped wet sand. His fist tightened and it mushed between his fingers.

Suddenly there was no wind. He was standing at the edge of the shore, unbuttoning three buttons on his shirt, listening to the distant sound of carousel music. It was too late now, he thought as he put his tie in his pocket. Too late.

The music was drifting from a faint light across a dark field of grass. He squinted at the sound. It sounded like a harpsichord, with a black clown sitting at the keyboard, smearing colored grease on the keys. He turned back to the sea as the night

wind picked up again, splashing against the inside of his coat.

He took off his coat and let it drop to the sand.

There was Karen. He smiled and touched the soft flesh of his neck. Tall, auburn-dust hair, eyes that always stayed on his face. In darkness, when his ears were ringing from the stillness, she would trace over the glassy smoothness of his neck and tell him his flesh was marble. She was warm and moist, but the sea was wet-cold.

When he turned, after he had taken the ring off his left hand, he couldn't see his car. It was just hidden by the trees above the beach, two-hundred yards behind him, its chrome teeth faintly luminescent, its eyes dead.

The carousel music had increased, and the water at his feet screamed quietly. He leaned down and touched the liquid with his hand. Cold, splash-black, ice-green. He shivered.

Ten years. Too long. It couldn't wait.

With a twist he pulled off his coat. Buttons zipped through their holes; his pants fell to the sand, and he stepped out of them.

In a moment he was naked and soft white, and his mind was spinning with music.

He touched the top of his forehead, his fingers pushing into the flesh at his hairline. No pain. His fingers shook. He pulled the flesh forward, and the skin of his face lifted and pulled away. It shred off in rubbery layers as he stripped it down his neck. The black hair from the top of his head lifted and synthetic flesh flopped and crumbled on the sand.

Just slightly the music had become faster. He touched his face, along the high mound of his lips, in the deep craters around his eyes. The tips of his fingers brushed each scale as he caressed the gills of his neck.

Quickly he pulled off the rest of the flesh from his body, and instead of white there was silver-green. He stood naked in a moonburst as the clouds parted for a moment.

Then he heard a sound behind him, a rustle. He crouched. The music from the harpsichord-carousel was loud; it deafened him. It's been too long, he thought. Too long.

The trees moved. A wind. Then a clown stepped from behind a tree and stood watching him. His face was paste white, with a red slash of an insane grin around the lips.

"You," said the clown, laughing. "You," again, softly.

"No," he said. "I'm returning. I'm going back."

There was a movement. The clown was grinning. "You," he whispered.

"No. Please..."

The clown lifted a cluster of opal wind chimes on a string. The glittering pieces were making the sound of the harpsichord, colliding, driven together by the wind, smashing, clanging.

"I'm a fish."

The clown grimaced. "You're a clown."

Ten years, thought the fish. It's been too long.

His hands moved to his forehead and began pulling away the strips green, scaly flesh. They peeled off his face and hung down around his chest. Underneath the synthetic gills was a white, painted face, with a grease-slash smile.

LETTER FROM STEVE WOOLFOLK

Additions to the Lancer list: (SFC 10)

Philip Wylie - The Smuggled Atom Bomb
73-689 \$6.00 Easy Eye
1967 173 pages
Photographic Cover.

Virginia Coffman - Castle At Mitches' Cove

447-75227-095 Easy Eye
1966 268 pages
This is really a Gothic although deals with black magic. "I think"

Additions to the Magnum List

Peter Saxon - The Curse of Rathlaw
73-750 \$1.50 (Prestige Books indicate not Lancer)
1968 190 pages

Peter Heath - Assassins From Tomorrow
73-631 \$1.50
1967 160 pages

In addition there are a number of Magnum books with numbers preceded by 11 or 14. These books indicate Prestige Books or Lancer books as the publishers.

by Keith L. Justice

In the early 1970's Roger Elwood was putting together projects faster than a bibliographer could make entries on 4x6 filing cards. On the subject of his anthologies it is prudent to remain relatively silent; suffice it to say that many knowledgeable people believe he was, in large measure, responsible for the temporary market-glut and subsequent depression in the anthology market in the mid-1970's.

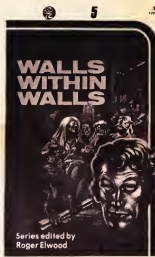
Besides the many anthologies, and the magazine experiment that failed quickly (ODYSSEY, 2 issues; Spr & Sum '76), Elwood put together a novel-publishing package for Harlequin Enterprises Ltd. that was to release three new science fiction novels per month. Harlequin is a mass-market publisher that specializes in broad-based "low grade" genre material, primarily romance novels. Apparently, Elwood was able to convince Harlequin there was an untapped market for SF that could be opened up with the proper combination of material, packaging, and advertising.

The goal for the Laser line, as far as it can be determined from advertisements, was to provide SF novels complex enough to be interesting to hardcore readers and simplistic enough to be alluring to new readers. The project was doomed from the outset. Novels intended for both sophisticated and unsophisticated readers are targeted as if the idea should appeal to one segment of the audience and clear simple language should appeal to the other. But ideas and expression are intimately linked, and divide and conquer will not work with fiction. If an idea--no matter how exquisite--is badly presented, it cannot generate its full impact. Watering down the gas may make the volume seem greater, but it is the fuel, and not the concept of volume, which powers the engine.

In any case, "sophisticated" and "unsophisticated" are spurious divisions. Readers are not members of a particular camp, but variables on a spectrum. After all, how can a reader gain sophistication but by reading sophisticated works? Being a reader is as much a changing process as being a caterpillar one season and a butterfly the next. The real division is between fiction that is well written and fiction that is badly written. Unfortunately, many of the works in the Laser series were so badly written that they were obviously meant for a nonexistent target audience comprised of imaginary readers who had to be patronized by authorial condescension which was really a disguised form of carelessness or lack of skill.

The Laser books never found the vast, shadowy mass audience Harlequin seemed to expect as an outlet for their assembly-line SF project. Laser did not only NOT appeal to hardcore SF readers, but actually insulted and alienated many of the very customers who comprise the major market for SF material of any type. In advertisements in major SF magazines, the Laser line was touted as the mainstay of the serious SF reader's library. Without the expected ability to draw countless new readers and paying customers to the ranks, or even to appeal in modest fashion to the regular readers, Laser could not survive as a mass-market enterprise.

The first three Laser titles were published for August of 1975. Publication ceased in February of 1977 after 57 titles had been issued (although the last three were distributed to subscribers and reviewers only). The original intent for the series was admirable, but the execution of policies often evidenced poor judgment. A standard format was adopted for all the books in the series. The first standard format (there were two) used a bold black line running from the upper left-hand corner across to the upper right and then down to the lower right. The logo "Laser Book," plus the series number and price, appeared at the top edge of the cover. Roger Elwood's name, prefixed with the title "Series Editor," was placed in the lower left-hand corner. Kelly Freas, well-known award-winning SF artist and illustrator, produced all the covers. The cover illustration format included an unusual feature: the head and face of a major character was reproduced larger than the cover illustration's normal scale and positioned in the lower right-hand corner.



The July '76 novels were the last to use the old format, and for numbers 37, 38, and 39, issued in August of '76, the format was altered. The upper horizontal leg of the black outline bar was widened and the title printed in white silhouette letters, all caps and with a slightly italic appearance, contained within the bar. Elwood's name was moved to the back cover where it did not vie for attention with the author's name. The white space on the upper and right-hand edges was widened, giving the covers a less crowded appearance, and the cover price was raised from .95 to \$1.25.

The standardized format of the Laser books seemed an affront to the average reader, and one of the major complaints by readers seemed to be the regimented and predictable appearance of the books themselves. The Laser designers had intended the format to be a distinctive feature, easily recognizable by the hordes of readers which were expected to become the major market for the series. But thundering hordes of new SF readers, wads of cash in hand, never inundated the bookshops and newsstands in search of Laser books, and after a year and a half the people at Harlequin gave Laser the ax. Laser faded into SF history along with Ace doubles, OODYSSEY, and countless other bits of SF memorabilia.

If the Laser books were simply a bad package, put together in haste and dropped in even more haste when the SF readership did not increase threefold overnight, there would be no point in commemorating them in any way. But despite the bad taste--editorial and otherwise--that often marred the series, there are several points about the Laser line that should be remembered.

Raymond Jones, a veteran SF writer of the 50's and 60's (perhaps best known for THIS ISLAND EARTH) made an appearance after several years of silence with two titles in the Laser series; Stephen Goldin, who was in the midst of entrenching himself in the SF novel field, furnished four Laser books; George Zebrowski and Thomas Monteleone both published their first novels in the Laser line; and there were novels published under the Laser imprint by such names as Gordon Eklund, Zack Hughes, Jerry Pournelle, Piers Anthony, and Jerry Sohl.

It is true that many of the Laser books are insipid, uninspired, poorly plotted, hastily written and inconsistent. But it is also true that many of the books showed promise. INVASION by Aaron Wolfe (apparently not his real name) is a sensitive rendition of a standard SF theme. The books by K.W. Jeter (SEEKLIGHT and THE DREAMFIELDS) seem to be the efforts of a writer consciously and conscientiously working at his craft. THE SKIES OF ERNATHE, by Jeffrey Carver, is both competently adventurous and reflective. And, oddly enough, the Laser series spawned at least one near-masterpiece which, nevertheless, is likely to be forgotten because of the dynamics and realities of publication within a defunct throwaway project such as Laser. That near-masterpiece of time-travel fiction is BLAKE'S PROGRESS by R. F. Nelson. Nelson also contributed THE ECOLOG and THEN BEGGARS COULD RIDE to the Laser line, and both are competent tales, well above average for the genre.

Much of what the Laser line did--and didn't--accomplish is likely to be forgotten, or remembered with distaste. Much of the negative reaction will be caused not by the fact that the series did not produce a consistent string of masterpieces and superior works, but because the accomplishment of the series was so far short of the hype, hoopla, and promises used to try to gain support for it. (The fact that Elwood himself had a reputation for causing contract disputes, treating writers badly, and other such practices certainly did not help Laser within the SF community.) Sturgeon's Law holds true in all human enterprises; the crime in publishing is not publishing 90% crap, but in being so foolish as to publish 90% crap and claim that it all falls within the 10% that is NOT crap. That way lies madness--or, at the very least, failure.



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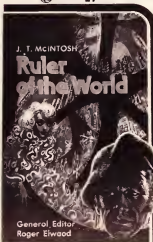
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Limited Collector's Edition (used as a loss-leader giveaway item for advertisement and promotional purposes)

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2 HERDS / Stephen Goldin
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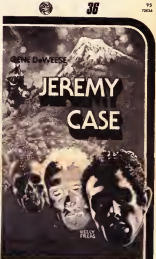
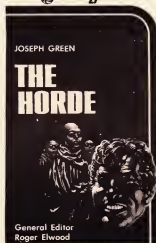
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BUT WHAT OF EARTH?



DANCE OF THE APOCALYPSE



THE ECOLOG



THE RIVER AND THE DREAM



SHEPHERD



SHADOW ON THE STARS



by Nick Carr and Robert Sampson

SECRET Agent X was one of the pulps' great face changers. Constantly disguised, hounded by the police, hunted by the underworld, he fought alone (of course) against fabulous criminal monsters and their deadly death devices. His magazine ran 41 issues, February 1934 through March 1939.

It is one of the major single-character series; nutty, uneven, touched with gold. Last time we touched briefly on "Secret Agent X-A History," by Tom Johnson and Will Murray. Here are some additional comments on this fine 96-page paperback book: This is densely packed with cover reproductions and story summaries, vignettes of main characters and villains, and a long, solid discussion of the Agent's personality and life. There are pieces on the people who most probably wrote the series, plus two splendid chapters on the origins of the magazine and the character, all done with Will Murray's impeccable research and factual density. The father of this book, Tom Johnson, has been into Secret Agent X about as long as he has been collecting. He may even be Agent X. He is unique—a fellow who reads what he collects and even thinks about it. We asked him for some remarks about his adventures with the old magazines and he returned the following heart-wringing account:

THE PERILS OF PULP COLLECTING

The following statement should be displayed on every pulp sold by today's dealers: CAUTION: PULP COLLECTING CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. Pulp collecting can, and usually does, deplete your life savings in one check or money order. One issue of The Spider can cost an arm and leg. An issue of Secret Agent X will cost two arms and a leg. If you buy both, be ready to give up all of your limbs. But it wasn't always like this. Once, in the 1930's and 1940's, they cost as little as ten cents—a small dime. Even in the mid 1960's the magazines could be bought for a dollar bill. But, unfortunately, I did not start collecting until early 1970, and by then a 1940 issue of The Shadow cost six dollars. Ten years later (1980) some of these same issues will cost up to thirty-five dollars. Inflation? Supply and demand? Are those yellow pages actually coated with gold? Yes! To a few of us, they are indeed coated with pure gold!

I remember my first buy...around 1970. I was living in Riverside, California, when the disease struck so bad that I had to make that trip to L.A. Down to Hollywood Blvd. There, I was told, you'd find book stores with the 'bloody pulps'. With only about thirty five dollars in my pocket, and a tankful of gas, I traversed those deadly freeways and made my pioneer explorations into Hollywood's hidden pathways. After about an hour's search I found the treasure of my expedition. In a small book store dealing with science fiction and nostalgia, I was directed to the basement. Here rested several old, yellowish pulps titled

DOC SAVAGE and THE SHADOW! My eyes devoured them. My hands quickly searched through the piles of magazines. I hesitatingly asked the price of each one. After what seemed like hours, I selected eleven—ten issues of The Shadow, and one issue of Doc Savage—for a total price of thirty-three dollars. (Several months later I returned looking for this very same store, but it must have been in the 'twilight zone', because I never did find it again.)

It was in 1972 that I made my big find. While visiting my father in the V.A. Hospital, Dallas, Texas, I also checked out a few book stores, I made a few telephone calls. Nothing. Then as I was about to give up, one responded with: "Yes, I have some of those old magazines." I quickly headed for the store—somewhere in downtown Dallas. The building was a two story, older structure with a green front. Inside were a million books—hardbacks, paperbacks, comics, and science fiction pulps. I told the owner, an elderly gentleman, that I really wanted magazines featuring Doc Savage and The Shadow. "Oh," he smiles, "I have that sort upstairs, but no Shadow or Doc." He led me to a locked door, which opened on a stairwell, and reminded me that anything I found would cost two dollars. I grinned. The upstairs was dark, but the ever present smell of pulps was in the air. I waited for a moment, for my eyes to adjust to the gloom. I'm glad I did. All around me were wall shelves, stacked from floor to ceiling with pulps. They were on the floor, in the middle of the room, in boxes. Pulps all over the place. I scumbled over them. I knew then where I was at—PULP HEAVEN! Only a few were coverless, and one of these was Shadow issue. (The only one I found). Hours later I descended the stairs with over hundred magazines. Among my treasures were 50 issues of The Phantom Detective, many of Secret Agent X, The Black Bat, and the Ghost Detective. I had to unfortunately pass over Wu Fang, Capt. Hazard, Dr. Yen Sin, and Doctor Death.

In 1973 I returned to Dallas. But now most of the heroes were gone. There were science fiction, western, mystery—a Phantom here; a Secret Agent X there. The owner told me that somebody from a newspaper had written an article about him and the old pulps. Afterwards his entire store was gone over by experts. In 1975 I went back to the same area, but the old building was now all boarded up. The old gentleman and all of his glorious pulps had passed into that world where all of the pulp heroes go. It is now much later, but I still haven't given up. I merely wait the day when the fog will clear away, and there will stand a used book store, and somewhere within will be shelves and shelves of magazines.

AND while we're on the subject of collectors, let's introduce you to a true, dyed-in-the-wool connoisseur. We've changed his name and hope he forgives us. To reveal it would just open up the floodgates. Let's call him JOHN SMITH: John is at this very moment alive and well, surrounded by over four invaluable to us both over the years because of his acute knowledge of the pulps and the characters found within their pages. When our researching has snagged it was

John Smith who always came up with the answer. We first met him when appearing on a television show with a few of our magazines. But with out his aid many articles would have never left our typewriters, and a great many facts left undiscovered. John is now retired, a young 72, a soft spoken individual with an eternal twinkle in his eyes. When he was a youngster back in Colorado an amazing brother, they found out in the woods, some 500 issues of Street and Smith's Western Stories. Can you imagine such a thing? It boggles the mind. This got him literally 'hooked' on western pulps for the rest of his natural life. Back then when the two decided to try and sell a gunny sack full for the fantastic sum of a dollar, nobody would buy any!

In 1933 he really got into the business of collecting. His first was ARGOSY. "I remember the story that first caught my eye," he remarked, "it was 'Clear The Trail', by Charles Alden Seltzer. That was in the June 24th issue, 1933." Argosy Magazine had some pretty good authors at the time, men like Max Brand, Edgar Rice Burroughs, A. Merritt, and Fred McCluskey, just to mention a few: Smith was fortunately able to buy up Argosy from 1920 to 1933, paying five cents for two issues. "I had to borrow the funds," he laughed. In his library a few years ago we recall seeing issues dating back to 1896. He has since sold a good portion of his pulps. At one point in his career of collecting, Smith had most of the Science Fiction published. Even now we would estimate he has 240 different titles, some very rare indeed. At one time about 15,000 pulps did fill the space in his garage. We had the pleasure of spending a few days looking over a great many. Among his favorites are the three issues of "Buck Jones Western". It's hard to describe the feeling one gets sitting all alone in the loft, surrounded by those strange-smelling pulp magazines. It is like being in another world. We picked up issues of Dime Mystery, Thrilling Spy, Gunsmoke Western, Foreign Legion Adventures, Ace High Western, Frontier Stories, Wings, War Aces, Greater Gangster Stories, and Gun Molls.

Maybe someday we'll reveal his true identity and tell you a few more stories about this fine man who just has to be one of the largest pulp collectors left in America today. Meanwhile you'll just have to struggle along with what you have on your library shelves and dream a little.

The Pulp Corner talked the other day to author BERNARD A. DREW on the subject of "Pulp Reality", and we thought Drew's comments worth passing along: "Many pulp fiction fans look at the nostalgia without seeing the reality of what it was to work for the old-time magazines. Most pulpsters labored in obscurity, without any idea that what they were turning out would someday become collectors' items. Walter Gibson told me, for example, that he finds fans' questions about The Shadow quite amusing; he was simply trying to make a living when he turned out the yarns years ago. He wasn't overly concerned with the details which so intrigue enthusiasts today. The reality of how hard it was to break into and sustain sales to the pulps

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THE SUBJECT WAS DEATH

by Nick Carr

Preface

The American Illustrated Medical Dictionary gives the following definition of Death: "Cessation or extinction of life." Brief and to the point. This is a phenomenon explored by various pulp authors at one time or another. Two such individuals were Frederick C. Davis and Robert J. Hogan. So with this in mind, and no doubt because of my own background in aspects of both medicine and the undertaking fields, we decided to take a close look at two pulp novels about death. You are more than welcome to join us. As Count Dracula remarked to his guest Jonathon Harker upon his arrival at the castle: "Enter freely and of your own will."

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

BEGINNING in the coal mines of Pennsylvania the first evidence appeared as a mad genius, known to his followers as the Master of Death, revealed his fantastic ability—to overcome, to conquer man's greatest fear—death! Backed by his Corps of Destroyers, living dead men, he moved relentlessly towards the ultimate goal—a ruler with unlimited powers, first over America, then the entire world!

Operator 5 and Tim Donovan, with

Agent X-11, are in the Pennsylvania hills. Together they witness the first attempt in the area by the Death Master to return life to some miners who were trapped in a cave and killed. Operator 5 tries to prevent the killing of a mine official who is being sacrificed to the cause, but fails. In the battle to follow Tim and Operator 5 escape, but X-11 is shot in the head.

Returning to New York's headquarters Operator 5 meets with Z-7 and informs him of what transpired. He points out the vast and mounting danger from the man known as the Master of Death who is slowly building his empire.

From Agent R-4, stationed in a pigeon loft on lookout comes word he has located a church being used by the Death Master and his followers. On arrival the loft is empty, but they find R-4's body, minus the head. Following this the three narrowly escape death from gas.

At Operator 5's suggestion, Z-7 then stations three autogyros in the sky above the loft in an effort to locate the exact area where the pigeons were being released by the Death Master, carrying messages to the Intelligence men. Next, in company of Diane Elliot and Tim, Operator 5 goes to interview a noted scientist, Dr. Anton Kalmar, an authority on death and its many aspects. He had actually experimented along this line, as have other scientific men of the time. They meet a servant named Karant, a man Operator 5 thought to be long dead. Dr. Kalmar closes the interview when an emergency arises. Operator 5 and his companions leave, but once beyond

the main gate, the Undercover Ace stops the car. He and Diane return to the house. After they witness the capture of a supposed patient, Operator 5 tells Diane to contact Z-7. Then he attempts to re-enter the house, is discovered by Dr. Kalmar, and almost killed.

Rescued by Tim Donovan they wait for Intelligence to raid the house. Meantime Operator 5 decides to have a look around. Once inside the house it is set afire. They discover the head of Agent R-4 in a shallow tray, alive. Very much alive. Quickly Operator 5 destroys the machine, bringing with it the final death of R-4. They escape the burning house, but now are unable to locate Diane. She has disappeared, taken prisoner by the doctor before he departed the area.

Again at HQ in New York several things happened. All efforts to locate Diane have failed. Operator 5 is frantic. Word comes from U.S. Customs Agents that after the docking of the ocean liner from abroad, among the contents is a coffin from which seeps a strange gas. Checking this Operator 5 discovers it contains the body of a foreign chancellor. Ordering the casket re-sealed he has Tim stand by watching and waiting for someone to call for it.

The eventual destination of the casket is a house located on Riverside Drive. Operator 5 leads the raiding party, is himself captured, escapes a deadly trap, rescues Diane, but the Death Master and his companions escape. This time they take Tim as hostage.

In the sky, the autogyros still are on the lookout for any pigeons that the Death Master might send back with any message for Intelligence. Meanwhile Operator 5 suspecting that something is afoot at the New York home of the President, who is on a short rest there, goes to see him. He saves the President's life—from being shot down by a member of his own military staff.

Taking over one of the autogyros himself Jimmy spots another bird and is able to trace its release point, a large ship. Ordering Z-7 to send all available help, including the Coast Guard to raid the ship, he heads towards it. Along with agents he parachutes to the vessel. Aboard are followers of the Death Master, all assembled in an area below deck to witness another miracle on part of the red hooded leader. With Operator 5 is another noted scientist, Dr. Chesterty. Arriving at the church-like setting Operator 5 races across the upper platform in time to see Karant strangle Tim Donovan.

Dr. Chesterty, although realizing Tim is dead, begins attempts to bring him back to life. There follows some serious moments during which time the Death Master tries to escape. Operator 5 occupies himself with assisting the doctor who is desperately working against minutes now to restore life into the dead body of young Donovan.

Then on page 98 we read: His eyes

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What a writer does with popular motifs created by his predecessors and his contemporaries is one measure of his talent. And these literary influences on a work of fiction make a legitimate and interesting line of inquiry. The question is: "How did Edgar Rice Burroughs (1876-1950) make use of existing materials and adapt them to his own ends?"

Burroughs was free in his use of sources, but this doesn't mean he plagiarized the work of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930) in writing his Caspak novels. That Burroughs read part of Doyle's classic *The Lost World* (1912) we know from Irwin Porge's monumental biography *Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Who Created Tarzan* (1975).

"I did read a part of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Lost World* several years ago," said Burroughs in a letter to Arthur Rhenisch on December 2, 1918, "but never finished it for as a matter of fact I read practically no fiction although I remember that I was much impressed with the possibilities suggested by the story."

The interest doesn't lie so much in the source of these novels as in what he made of the material he borrowed. Like Doyle, Burroughs was wonderful at modifying and modernizing.

Perhaps the best method of showing Doyle's influence on Burroughs is to actually compare passages from the Caspak novels that first appeared in *Blue Book*--"The Land That Time Forgot" August 1918 and "The People That Time Forgot" October 1918--with *The Lost World*. "Out Of Time's Abyss" December 1918 is excluded for it contains little material not covered in the first two. As we will see, Burroughs read more than just part of Doyle's novel. The page numbers refer to the 1973 Ace editions of *The Land That Time Forgot* and *The People That Time Forgot* and the 1963 Pyramid Books edition of *The Lost World*.

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

After reading this far, my interest, which already had been stimulated by the finding of the manuscript, was approaching the boiling point. p. 9-10.

Cliffs, seemingly rising perpendicularly out of the sea, faded away into the mist upon either hand as we approached. p.62.

He could make no landing; nor in the several days he cruised about it did he see sign of life. p. 62.

The cliff-tops, though ragged, were of such uniform height as to suggest the boundaries of a great plateau, and now and again we caught glimpses of verdure topping the rocky escarpment.... p. 63.

It was a narrow strip of sand at the base of a part of the cliff that seemed lower than any we had before scanned. p. 63.

It was Bradley who first called our attention to a strange object lying among the boulders above the surf. p. 64.

THE LOST WORLD

"I was turning away from him when I observed that something projected from the front of his ragged jacket. It was this sketch-book, which was as dilapidated then as you see it now. I can assure you that a first folio of Shakespeare could not be treated with greater reverence than this relic has been since it came into my possession." n. 30.

The crags above us were not merely perpendicular, but curved outwards at the top, so that ascent was out of the question. p. 80.

On the sixth day we completed our first circuit of the cliffs, and found ourselves back at the first camp, besides the isolated pinnacle of rock. p. 89.

The summit showed every sign of a luxuriant vegetation, with bushes near the edge, and farther back many high trees. There was no indication of any life that we could see. p. 79.

The cliffs upon the farther side had lost their ruddy tint, being chocolate-brown in color; the vegetation was more scattered along the top of them, and they had sunk to three or four hundred feet in height, but in no place did we find any point where they could be ascended. p. 88-89.

We were passing along the edge of this cover when my eye was caught by the gleam of something white within it. Thrusting in my head between the stems, I found myself gazing at a fleshless

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(continued from page 9)

were open and gazing out into the scarlet air of the temple. They were dimmed but living. He had been dead but now he was alive! Donovan will fight again by the side of the man he admires.

Operator 5's attention now is focused on the Death Master, who has managed to reach the upper deck, then started climbing. He was now near a large ventilator shaft, holding two small objects in his hands. These he hurled down into the shaft. They explode and the ship is afire. Leaping for him Operator 5 makes a desperate attempt to take him alive, but the Death Master jarred backwards falls into the shaft and the white hot flames. He has no chance for survival.

Comment

This novel should be in the same category as "Cavern of the Damned," and "Legions of Starvation." We follow operator 5 in one of his finest adventures. It was an excellent *Corinth* reprint. This 1966 paperback cover depicts a human head floating in a yellowish fluid. Behind this stands the figure of a man. There is an illustration in the original pulp (p. 45) that just may have served as the idea for this weird sketch. The John Howitt pulp cover has Operator 5 firing his automatic at a group of individuals, all of them a ghostly white color. They carry torches, knives, spears and rifles. Running away from them in fear are two women and one man. Behind the group is a large greenish apparition resembling death. It's head and shoulders covered in black.

Again the basic idea of a man who has overcome death is engrossing enough and even John Christopher is almost taken in.

FLIGHT FROM THE GRAVE

G-8, Nippy and Bull return from patrol to Le Bourget Field where Battle has a meal prepared. Suddenly a vibrant voice filled the room. "Wait there. I am coming." The source of this mysterious tone, a puzzle to them all. G-8 orders the apartment evacuated. A German plane flies over shortly and bombs the place. A mechanic brings G-8 a message streamer. It reads: "I live again, verdammt G-8, to play once more my winking role that you might join me, death, in hell where you have sent my soul."

The trio move into the Officers' barracks. They discuss the message. G-8 then decides to send this message to the American Chemical Laboratory in Paris for examination. En-route the messenger had an accident on his motorcycle and the note disappeared. He told G-8: "That ghost or whatever it was tore it open," and he felt the side of his pocket.

G-8 dismissed the motorcycle rider, then telephoned G.H.Q. He informed them he was expecting a second attack on the field by a lone enemy plane and to warn him if any divisions on the front hear a plane flying across

(continued on page 11)

.. it had fallen or been hurled from the cliffs above. p. 66.

.. no mortal man could scale those perpendicular heights; there was not a finger-hold, not a toe-hold, upon them. p. 66.

The balance of that day we spent in continuing a minute and fruitless exploration of the monotonous coast. p. 66.

There was not another break in the frowning cliffs.... p. 66.

Caprona was impregnable.... p.66.

"It's the subterranean channel of an island river." p.69.

I saw outlined ahead of us the black opening in the great cliff. p. 70.

All about us was a flora and fauna as strange and wonderful to us as might have been those upon a distant planet.... p.72.

..plesiosaurus of the lower Jurassic. p. 73.

From noon to midnight their curve of activity is at its height, while from dawn to about nine o'clock it is lowest. p. 83.

My theory is that in a far distant era Caprona was a mighty mountain--perhaps the world's mightiest volcanic action blew off the entire crest, blew thousands of feet of the mountain upward and outward and onto the surrounding continent, leaving a great crater; and then, possibly, the continent sank as ancient continents have been known to do, leaving only the summit of Caprona above the sea. p.84.

When it had advanced from the wood, it hopped much after the fashion of a kangaroo, using its hind feet and tail to propel it, and when it stood erect, it sat upon its tail. p. 89.

skull. The whole skeleton was there, but the skull had detached itself and lay some feet nearer to the open. p. 83.

Undoubtedly he had fallen from above. But had he fallen? Had it been an accident? Or--already ominous and terrible possibilities began to form round that unknown land. p. 84.

..it was absolutely certain that there was no single point where the most active human being could possibly hope to scale the cliff. n. 89.

"There seems to be only one reasonable course. If you have explored the east, we should travel along the base of the cliff to the west, and seek for a practicable point for our ascent." p.81.

..in no place did we find any point where they could be ascended. If anything, they were more impossible than at the first point where we had met them. p. 89.

The road by which Maple White had ascended was no longer available. p. 86.

"I should expect to find the surface of the plateau slope inwards with a considerable sheet of water in the center, which may drain off, by some subterranean channel into the marshes of the Jaracaca Swamp." p. 89.

High up above our heads, amid the dark shadows, there was one circle of deeper gloom. Surely it could only be the opening of a cave. p. 85.

..at every second step one or other of our professors would fall, with a cry of wonder, before some flower or insect which presented him with a new type. p. 105.

"Plesiosaurus! A fresh-water plesiosaurus!" cried Summerlee. p. 159.

We had never before seen them save at night, and indeed they are nocturnal animals save when disturbed in their lairs, as these had been. p. 165.

"At this single point in the interior there had been, in some far distant age, a great, sudden volcanic upheaval. An area, as large perhaps as Sussex, has been lifted up en bloc with all its living contents, and cut off by perpendicular precipices of a hardness which defies erosion from all the rest of the continent." p. 37.

A great dark shadow disengaged itself and hopped out into the clear moonlight. I say "hopped" advisedly, for the beast moved like a kangaroo, springing along in an erect position upon its powerful hind-legs, while its

the line. The word came shortly and G-8 along with the Battle Aces take to the air.

In the air-flight which follows, G-8 shoots down the German pilot. But there was something very strange about the man. In the light of two flares, G-8 saw 'a ghastly, sunken, half-human face, with eyes that appeared sightless.'

The German Fokker crashed, but the pilot climbed out of the wreckage and walked into a nearby woods. Landing G-8 and crew go in search of the pilot. Unable to locate him they return to their own quarters in the barracks.

Shortly there is activity down in the vicinity of the end hanger. Arriving on the scene, G-8 is told by a guard that the German pilot had come looking for the Master Spy. The guard shot him, but that didn't stop the German at all. Then he simply returned into the woods. G-8 goes in pursuit: "Instantly the Master Spy swung the flashlight. A strange, musty odor from that horrible figure struck G-8's nostrils. He then recognized the sunken-decayed face--it was that of a man he had killed named Von Gunther.

The pallor of the grave was on his face. His flesh betrayed the fact he had been buried for several months. As Von Gunther spoke his voice sounded like the sighing of the trees rather than the speech of a being who had once been human. G-8 fired his automatic. Holes appeared in the German's forehead, but he came on, hands cold and clammy, going about G-8's throat. Unconscious, G-8 was carried off into the night.

He returned to consciousness in a shell hole somewhere in No-Man's-Land. Von Gunther was lying next to him. G-8 touched the German and before his eyes the pilot crumpled into a heap of musty powder. G-8 then filled a small box with some of the dust and returned to his own lines. A while later he was back at Le Bourget, then went immediately into Paris. His destination: Intelligence HQ.

"I want," he says, "all the information you can get on resurrecting the dead--principally from Haiti."

"You mean Zombies?" the chief exclaimed.

,"Yes."

After going back to Le Bourget G-8 begins to get reports concerning a voodoo doctor named King Jolito. He apparently was working with German agents. Then R-1, a female intelligence agent arrives with Betsy, a huge colored woman who worked for a Marine Colonel Herron. She tells G-8 that when she was living in Haiti, the man called King Jolito was a man all the black's were afraid of. Now King Jolito was very definitely working with the enemy, having departed Haiti aboard a German submarine three weeks previous.

"... the beast is so large, and its nervous organization of so low a caliber, that it took all this time for the intelligence of death to reach and be impressed upon the minute brain." p. 91.

"... it is an Allosaurus of the Upper Jurassic...." p. 91.

So we decided to construct a palisaded camp. p. 92.
... Fort Dinosaur we named it.... p. 109.

... I was hard put to it to say whether they were ape or man. p. 96.

I gave the order to fire, and at the first volley six of them went down, including the Neanderthal man. The others hesitated a moment and then broke for the trees.... p. 97.

The thing appeared to be some variety of pterodactyl.... p. 98-99.

... the most startling thing I have to record is that von Schoenvorts and Olson while out hunting the other day discovered oil about fifteen miles north of us.... p. 106.

I am alone upon the summit of the great cliff overlooking the broad Pacific. p. 109.

I saw that they possessed a language, that they had knowledge of fire and that they carried besides the wooden club of Ahn, a thing which resembled a crude stone hatchet. p. 121-122.

... I perceived that the face of the cliff was pitted with large holes.... p. 123.

front ones were held bent in front of it. It was of enormous size and power, like an erect elephant, but its movements, in spite of its bulk, were exceedingly alert. p. 130.

At the range of a couple of hundred yards we emptied our magazines, firing bullet after bullet into the beasts, but with no more effect than if we were pelting them with pellets of paper. Their slow reptilian natures cared nothing for wounds, and the springs of their lives, with no special brain center but scattered throughout their spinal cords, could not be tapped by any modern weapon. p. 165.

"...the creature actually seen was undoubtedly of a larger and more reptilian character. Personally, I should pronounce for allosaurus." p. 113-114.

This was to be our headquarters for the time--our place of refuge against sudden danger and the guardhouse for our stores. Fort Challenger, we called it. p. 100.

"I called them apes, but they carried sticks and stones in their hands and jabbered talk to each other, and ended up by tyin' our hands with creepers, so they are ahead of any beast that I have seen in my wanderin's. Ape-men--that's what they are--Missin' Links, and I wish they had stayed missin'." p. 138-139.

The dense mob of ape-men ran about in bewilderment, marveling whence this storm of death was coming or what it might mean. Then, with a sudden impulse, they all rushed in a howling crowd to the trees for shelter, leaving the ground behind them spotted with their stricken comrades. p. 146.

The place was a rookery of pterodactyls. There were hundreds of them congregated within view. p. 105.

I found a lake--or pool, rather, for it was not larger than the basin of the Trafalgar Square fountain--of some black, pitch-like stuff, the surface of which rose and fell in great blisters of bursting gas. p. 126-127.

The horrible thought that I might never see them again, that I might find myself abandoned all alone in that dreadful place, with no possible way of descending into the world below, that I might live and die in that nightmare country, drove me to desperation. p. 134.

It was clear that the natives had come out upon the warpath, for every man carried his spear--a long bamboo tipped with bone--his bow and arrows, and some sort of club or stone battle-axe slung at his side. p. 156.

The openings were about eighty feet above the ground, and were led up to by long stone stairs, so narrow and steep that no large animal could mount them. p. 164.

Reports arrive of German night bombers on raiding missions. G-8 and the Battle Aces plan on taking to the air and try following one of the enemy planes back to their destination in the Fatherland. Apparently these ships were now being piloted by dead men.

But first G-8 goes back into Paris. His idea was to get some phosphorus paint that he intended using to mark an enemy plane. The Germans bomb Paris that same night, making things a bit difficult to get around. Returning eventually to Le Bourget, G-8 takes to the air, flying alone this time. He manages to mark one plane, but runs into trouble and is forced to land on one of the fields used by the dead pilots.

He faced into a nearby forest. The "silence was broken only by the rumble of guns, far off at the front." Suddenly he felt uneasy. Then "he saw dark forms closing in from all sides. Ghastly white faces leered at him." Then he was captured. Upon regaining consciousness, G-8 found himself before King Jolito. He was ordered to dig. He uncovered the top of a coffin. Then the king spoke: "You have chance to fight for life against Zombies. Come. You carry coffin."

Finally King Jolito ordered him to halt. He saw a great G-8 bomber nearby. The coffin was lifted from his shoulders and several of the Zombies tied the box on top of the fuselage between the rear cockpit. His ankles were clamped in irons.

"You come to see," Jolito spoke. "I raise corpse from dead to fight with you. You have machine gun."

They took to the air. Shortly G-8 heard King Jolito's voice. He was speaking in a strange tongue some type of a chant. Then he saw a snake slithering into one rotted corner of the coffin. As the voodoo doctor's chant rose higher and higher a strange thing happened. The corpse inside the casket came to life! A greenish-white arm poked up through a break in the wood. The corpse stood up. The rushing air nearly tore the rotted uniform away from him, the rest clung to decayed flesh. Then his sightless eyes came to rest on G-8. G-8's only weapon was the machine gun. But the slugs had no effect. The Zombie now was trying to strike a blow at G-8's head by using a part of the wooden coffin lid. The club crashed down against his skull and he knew no more.

When consciousness finally returned, G-8 was back on the ground. King Jolito was intent on killing him, but a special emissary from the Kaiser vetoed that idea. G-8 was to be taken to Berlin. He was placed into a waiting ambulance and the journey began. He overpowers one escort, spares the second, and takes the ambulance, now dressed in a German uniform of the man he killed. Next G-8 drives to a nearby village and learns he is now almost a hundred miles from where he crashed.

Bluffing his way he obtains a German staff car and orders the driver

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They carried weapons, stonished spears, stone knives, and hatchets--and they wore ornaments and breech clothes.... p. 135.

The walls of the cavern to which I was conducted were covered with drawings scratched upon the sandstone. There were the outlines of the giant red-deer, of mammoths, of tigers, and other beasts. p. 138.

THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT

He (Tom Billings) is force, energy, initiative, and good judgement combined and personified. p. 10.

All during the trip Billings had steadfastly evaded questions as to how we were to enter Caspak after we had found Caprona. p. 11.

Bowen's account of the terrors of Caspak had impressed us all with the necessity for proper means of defense. p. 14.

... I could see the surface of the water literally black with creatures of some sort. p. 16.

... I was surrounded by at least a dozen of the hideous things, some large, some small, but all bent upon my destruction. p. 18.

... forests are the surest sanctuary from these hideous creatures, which, with their enormous spread of wing and their great weight, are as much out of place among trees as is a seaplane. p. 19-20.

I was haunted by that inexplicable sensation that unseen eyes were watching me, that soundless feet dogged my trail. p. 23.

They were small men, wiry, active, and well-built, with lank black hair tied up in a bunch behind their heads with a leathern thong and leathern also were their loin-cloths. The lobes of their ears, hanging ragged and bloody, showed that they had been pierced for some ornaments which their captors had torn out. p. 151.

Inside they were warm and dry, running in straight passages of varying length into the side of the hill, with smooth gray walls decorated with many excellent pictures done with charred sticks and representing the various animals of the plateau. If every living thing were swept from the country the future explorer would find upon the walls of these caves ample evidence of the strange fauna--the dinosaurs, iguanodons, and fish lizards--which had lived so recently upon earth. p. 164.

THE LOST WORLD

"I have heard something of Challenger, for he is one of those men whom nobody can ignore. He's as clever as they make 'em--a full-charged battery of force and vitality.... p. 16.

Professor Challenger replied that he reserved such information for good reasons of his own, but would be prepared to give it with proper precautions to a committee chosen from the audience. p. 49.

Most important of all, in view of the dangers which might surround us, we had our four rifles and one thousand three hundred rounds, also a shot-gun, but not more than a hundred and fifty medium pellet cartridges. p. 100.

Everywhere upon the still surface I could see signs of life, sometimes mere rings and ripples in the water...sometimes the arched, slate-colored back of some passing monster. p. 128.

At first the great brutes flew round in a huge ring, as if to make sure what the exact extent of the danger might be. Then, the flight grew lower and the circle narrower, until they were whizzing round and round us, the dry, rustling flap of their huge-slate-colored wings filling the air with a volume of sound that made me think of Hendon aerodrome upon a race day. p. 106.

Once there we were safe, for those huge wings had no space for their sweep beneath the branches. At last, however, as we reached the thicker woods they gave up the chase, and we saw them no more. p. 107.

It was a fearsome walk, and one which will be with me so long as memory holds. In the great moonlight clearings I slunk among the shadows on the margin. Now and then great shadows loomed up for an instant and were gone--great, silent shadows which seemed to prowl upon padded feet. p. 127.

(continued from page 12)

to take him to the nearest airdrome.

"Do you mean the very new field by the great cemetery of dead heroes? You wish to reach there when it is almost dark?" He did indeed. Arriving at the airdrome, G-8 is admitted. Then he releases the driver. The place was full of activity. Just to the west side of the field was a cemetery. In the center stood a great mausoleum. Eventually G-8 decides it is time to leave, requests another vehicle (which he will drive himself) and departs the field. Shortly he returns via another road.

About to re-enter, he looks up and in the center of an air-battle were Spads 7 and 13. Nippy and Bull were in a serious fight. Both are shot down. G-8 attempts to locate their position. A group of men were approaching from across the field at about the same time. G-8 takes command of the prisoners, picking one guard from the group. Driving away they reach a town five miles distant where the two Battle Aces are locked up in the jail. As G-8 was about to unlock the cell, a voice echos: "Hold up your hands, verdammt one!"

But the three Americans get out of that fix in short order and head for the airdrome. When they finally reach the cemetery, G-8 pointed in the direction of the large mausoleum. Bull falls into an open grave. From another hole a snake crawls out and was wriggling away. The trio enter the mausoleum. They next witness the rising of the dead in wholesale numbers. It was midnight, the time when according to legend, the living sleep and the dead walk.

"Do you notice how the snakes seem to play a part in the rising of the dead?" spoke G-8. Before anyone could answer they all saw a group of Zombies were nearing the mausoleum. In the center of the bunch stood King Jolito. There was no way for them to escape. Within minutes the three Americans were King Jolito's prisoners. He ordered them buried alive. Heavy caskets had been pulled out from the wall. They reeked horribly of the odor of the dead. The covers were jammed on and the caskets pushed back into the crypt.

Back at Le Bourget, Battle, aided by R-1 and Betsy are getting moved into the new den hanger apartment just rebuilt. A Zombie arrives demanding to know the whereabouts of G-8. Betsy screamed to Battle: "Salt and vinegar!" Battle grabbed a box of table salt. He threw it, spattering the Zombie. The creature slumped to the floor. The air was filled with the stench of rotting human flesh.

"You broke the spell!" Betsy cried. "The Zombies can't live when they gets salt on 'em."

A message comes over the wireless set installed in the apartment. It is from G-8: "Buried alive. Mausoleum in cemetery next to newest airdrome north of--" then it went dead. R-1 looked up. "But we don't know where!" she gasped. Then once more a sound comes through her earphones: "We are buried

(continued on page 14)

(continued on page 14)

(continued from page 13)

They were entirely naked. Their bodies were covered with hair, and though they stood upon their feet without touching their hands to the ground, they had a very ape-like appearance, since they stooped forward and had very long arms and quite apish-features. They were not pretty to look upon with their close-set eyes, flat noses, long upper lips and protruding yellow fangs. p. 27.

.. I turned quickly--to see a hideous face at the small aperture leading out into the night. p. 34-35.

I was quite sure that even my heavy bullets would not more than further enrage him--in which case he might easily force an entrance to our cave. p. 35.

Instead of firing, I piled some more wood upon the fire, and as the smoke and blaze arose in the beast's face, it backed away, growling most frightfully.... p. 35.

.. from without came mingled growls and roars and the sound of great bodies thrashing about until the earth shook. p. 38.

It is a stupid, simple, gentle beast--one of the few within Caspak which such a description might remotely fit. p. 42.

On the morrow I was to die some sort of nameless death for the diversion of a savage horde.... p. 50.

The trophies that these Kro-lu left to the meat-eaters would have turned an English big-game hunter green with envy. p. 88.

There they were, every man-jack of them; and with them were a thousand straight, sleek warriors of the Galu race.... p. 121.

It was a human face--or at least it was far more human than any monkey's that I have ever seen. It was long, whitish, and blotched with pimples, the nose flattened, and the lower jaw projecting, with a bristle of coarse whiskers round the chin. The eyes, which were under thick and heavy brows, were bestial and ferocious, and as it opened its mouth to snarl what sounded like a curse at me I observed that it had curved, sharp canine teeth. p. 119.

I thought, too, of the glimpse I had in the light of Lord Jogg's torch of that bloated, warty, blood-slaver muzzel. p. 125.

"There was nothin' else to be done. If he had got among us we should have shot each other tryin' to down him. On the other hand, if we had fired through the hedge and wounded him he would soon have been on top of us--to say nothin' of giving ourselves away." p. 112.

The thing moved forward with a dreadful snarl. Lord John never hesitated, but, running towards it with a quick, light step, he dashed the flaming wood into the brute's face. For one moment I had a vision of a horrible mask like a giant toad's, of a warty, leprous skin, and of a loose mouth all beslobbered with fresh blood. The next, there was a crash in the underwood and our dreadful visitor was gone. p.112.

"We have been privileged to overhear a prehistoric tragedy, the sort of drama which occurred among the reeds upon the border of some Jurassic lagoon, when the greater dragon pinned the lesser among the slime...." p. 111.

Helpless, torpid, and vegetarian, with great limbs but a minute brain, they could be rounded up and driven by a child. p.158.

They have a sort of clear parade-ground on the top, and they make a proper ceremony about it. One by one the poor devils have to jump, and the game is to see whether they are merely dashed to pieces or whether they get skewered on the canes. p. 141.

"If ever we get out of this alive, I must have a head with me. Lord, how some of that Somaliland-Uganda crowd would turn a beautiful pea-green if they saw it!" p. 104.

It was a host of the stone age that we were accompanying to battle--we with the last word of the gunsmith's art from St. James's Street and the Strand. p.159.

(continued from page 13)

alive in cemetery next to newest airdrome north of Nurrig."

It's Battle, R-1 and Betsy to a thrilling rescue. Finally they manage to reach the cemetery. A horde of weird creatures came charging across the field towards the mausoleum. They free G-B, Nippy and Bull. Then it's Bull Martin's turn. He takes on King Jolito, knocking him out. But Betsy has definitely had enough and she kills King Jolito, shooting him between the eyes.

"There's one voodoo doctor I reckon ain't never goin' to do no more raising from the dead!" she said.

Comment

THIS is a great story even though Hogan may not have tied up all of the loose ends. The original pulp cover by Frederick Blakeslee was also used on the 1971 Berkley Medallion paperback edition. It depicts the scene atop of the German bomber with G-8 facing the Zombie who has risen from his coffin. The interior art of John Fleming Gould is hard to beat, especially the full two pages sketch showing the dead rising from their various grave in the German cemetery. After all who can resist a novel that begins: "G-8 saw the graves give up their Dead, that they might walk and fight again upon this mortal earth?" I sure can't!

Epilogue

It was Horace who wrote: "One night awaits all; Death's road we all must go." In thinking back I recall the rather philosophical view my cousin, John Dickson Carr expressed: "With my 68th birthday approaching, my own work is finished. But I have no intention of sinking into silence; there are a few more stories to spout before I finally shut up."

Harold F. Cruickshank put it this way to me: "I just sailed passed by 85th birthday last month. And I'm damned sure, if I felt so inclined, I could do as good a yarn today as I did for Harry Steeger some 48 years ago."

I recall reading in some newspaper that in Japan the human brain had been isolated for over an hour without any damage to the patient. (Shades of Dr. Frankenstein). It is also predicted within a span of one hundred years science may actually eliminate death. In the final analysis however it was written in the Bible: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death."

Mike Ashley

Preamble. The following is not intended as a definitive listing of all of William Hope Hodgson's fictional output. I am sure there are more stories hidden away in magazines awaiting rediscovery. Similarly I am sure there are further printings of stories that I have overlooked. The purpose of this listing is twofold: to serve as an aid and a guide to those wishing to know the availability of Hodgson's fiction, and to encourage others who may know of obscure Hodgson stories to add to the list via SFC and thus work towards a complete Hodgson bibliography.

The listing concentrates solely on Hodgson's books and short stories. It excludes poetry in magazine form (though it does list the books) and it also excludes non-fiction. These will form part of the complete Hodgson bibliography at some later stage. It also excludes any foreign language editions or reprintings.

The Index is divided into the following sections and formats:

Section A - Books and Booklets. Listed in chronological order under the title are all English-language editions citing Publisher, Place of Publication, Year Published, Number of Pages; hardback (hb) or paperback (pb). In the case of story collections the contents are listed.

Section B - Short Fiction. Following the story title is an identification for connected stories. Beneath the title, in chronological order are listed all subsequent English-language reprintings with both magazine and anthology appearances and cross-references to Section A.

Note. I have not, as yet, traced all the original magazine data for the Captain Gault series and would be interested in hearing from anyone with further information on these and other stories. In Section A there are gaps amongst the page-count for volumes I have not been able to check.

I must thank Richard Dalby for his invaluable help in the compilation of this bibliography.

SECTION A - BOOKS AND BOOKLETS

1. THE BOWTS OF THE 'GLEN CARRIG' (novel)

Chapman & Hall, London: 1907; 312pp; hb
 Holden & Hardingham, London: 1920; 252 pp; hb
Fantasy Fantastic Mysteries March 1944 (abridged)
The House on the Borderland, 1946 (see A-14)
 Ballantine Books, New York: 1971; 170 pages pp; pb
 Hyperion Press, Westport, CT: 1976; 252 pp; hb

- Note: see also extract "The Head Men" (B-77)

2. THE CALLING OF THE SEA (collection: 16 poems)

Seymour & Slout, London: 1920; 47pp; hb
Poems of the Sea, 1877 (see A-21)

3. CAPTAIN GAULT (collection: 10 stories, 2 poems)

Swaleigh Nash, London: 1917; 303pp; hb
 McFried, New York: 1918; pp; hb (contains 2 poems)
 Holden & Hardingham, London: 1921; 251pp; hb

- Contains: "Anasae Fando" (verse); "My Lady's Jewels"; "The Diamond Spy"; "The Case of the Carlo Beller"; "The Red Hermit"; "The Dream of Secherine"; "The Problem of the Parties"; "From Information Received"; "Contraband of War"; "The German Spy"; "The Adventure of the Carter"; "Billy Ben" (verse).

4. CARNAKEI AND POEMS AND ANECDOTES (miscellany)

R.H. Page, New York: 1914; 84pp; pb

(Not sighted but presumed to contain, amongst other items, the two stories "The Adventure With the Glean Jumper" and "The Ball of the Laughing Sally" for copyright purposes.)

5A. CARNAKEI THE GHOST-FINDER (collection: 6 stories)

Swaleigh Nash, London: 1915; 247pp; hb (reprinted 1914)
 Holden & Hardingham, London: 1920; 248pp; hb

- Contains: "The Thing Invisible"; "The Gateway of the Monster"; "The House Among the Laurels"; "The Whistling Room"; "The Searcher of the End House"; "The Horse of the Invisible".

5B. CARNAKEI THE GHOST-FINDER (collection: 9 stories)

Mycroft & Moran, San Francisco, CA: 1948; 248pp; hb
 Tom Stacey, London: 1972; 244pp; hb
 Tordaro Books, London: 1974; pp; pb
 Sphere Books, London: 1974; 239pp; pb (reprinted: 1980)
 Panther Books, London: 1974; 277 pp
 White Lion Books, London: 1975; pp; hb

- Contains the above six stories plus: "The Haunted Jarver", "The Find", "The Hog".

6. CARNAKEI, THE GHOST-FINDER, AND A POEM (booklet)

Paul H. Reynolds, New York: 1910; 14pp; pb
 Private, London: 1910; 14pp; pb

- Contains a condensation of the Carnakei stories plus a poem, "Lost".

7. A CENTENARY TRIBUTE: 1877-1977 (booklet)

The British Fantasy Society, Birmingham: 1977; 14pp; pb

- Contains: "The River Night", "The Phantom Ship" plus essay "W. Hope Hodgson: His Life and Work" by Peter Tremayne.

8. DEEP WATERS (collection: 15 stories)

Arkham House, Sauk City, WI: 1967; 310pp; hb

- Contains: "The Sea Horse"; "The Derelict"; "The Thing in the Woods"; "From the Tidless Sea"; "The Island of the M"; "The Voice in the Night"; "The Adventure of the Headless"; "The Mystery of the Sirenet"; "The Shambrae Howland-Borderland"; "The Stone Ship"; "The Crew of the Lancing"; "The Habitués of Middle Island"; "The Cell in the Dawn".

9. THE DREAM OF A (novel)

"Phos" and "A Dream of A", 1912 (see A-20)
 Donald W. Grant, Warrington, RI: 1977; 144pp; hb; 11m. ed. 2,500 copies; illus.
 S. Fabian, (inc. introduction by Sam Moskowitz)

10. THE GHOST PIRATES (novel)

Stanley Paul, London: 1909; 276pp; hb
 Holden & Hardingham, London: 1920; 248pp; hb
Fantasy Fantastic Mysteries March 1944 (abridged)
Super-Science Stories (Cleveland), August 1944 (abridged)
The House on the Borderland, 1946 (see A-14)
 Hyperion Press, Westport, CT: 1976; 248pp; hb



11. THE GHOST PIRATES, A CHAUNTY, AND ANOTHER STORY (booklet)

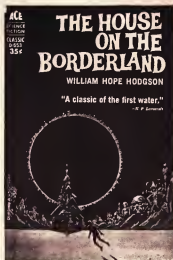
Paul Reynolds, New York: 1909; 48pp; hb

12. THE HAUNTED 'PAMPERO' (booklet)

Ferret Fantasy, London: 1980; 8m; hb; 11m. ed. 35 copies (see A-14)

13. THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND (novel)

Chapman & Hall, London: 1907; 303pp; hb
 Holden & Hardingham, London: 1921; 252pp; hb
The House on the Borderland, 1946 (see A-14)
 Ace Books, New York: 1962; 150pp; pb
 Freeway Press, Inc.: 1974; pp
 Hyperion Press, Westport, CT: 1976; 252pp; hb
 Manor Books, New York: 1978; pp; pb

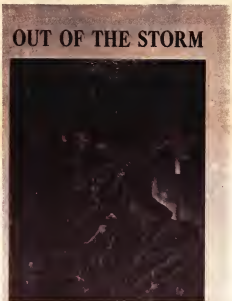


14. THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND, AND OTHER NOVELS (omnibus)

Arkham House, Sauk City, WI: 1948; 619pp; hb

- Contains: *The House on the Borderland*; *The State of the 'Glen Carrig'*; *The Ghost Pirates*; *The Night Land*.

15. LUCK OF THE STRONG (collection: 5 stories, 2 poems)
Freleigh Nash, London: 1916; 31pp; hb
Holden & Hardingham, London: 1920; 25pp
- Contains: "The Pirates" (verse); "Capt. Garboit Charity and the Painted Lady"; "Captain Jet - The Island of the IMF"; "Captain Jet - The Adventure of the Headland"; "The Getting Even of 'Parsen' Goyler"; "O.C.O. Carguna - The Adventure With the Clein Jumper"; "O.C.O. Carguna - The Bell of the 'Laughing Sally'"; "The Two and Sully Dunker"; "The Stone Ship"; "The Ship" (verse).
16. MASTERS OF TERROR, VOLUME 1 - WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON (collection: 7 stories, edited and with an introduction by "Peter Tremayne")
Corgi Books, London: 1977; 156pp; pb
- Contains: "The Voice in the Night"; "A Tropical Horror"; "Mystery of the Derelict"; "Terror of the Water-Tank"; "The Flaming of the Orikum"; "The Stone Ship"; "The Derelict".
17. MEN OF THE DEEP WATERS (collection: 9 stories, 1 poem)
Freleigh Nash, London: 1914; 305pp; hb
Holden & Hardingham, London: 1923; 270pp; hb
- Contains: "The Story of the Great Bull Whale" (verse); "Over the Bridge" (Foreword); "The Sea Horses"; "The Derelict"; "My House Shall be Called the House of Prayer"; "From the Tideless Sea"; "The Captain of the Onion Boat"; "The Voice in the Night"; "Through the Vortex of the Cyclones"; "The Mystery of the Derelict"; "The Sharnak 'Homestead-Founder'".
18. THE NIGHT LAND (novel)
Freleigh Nash, London: 1912; 583pp; hb
G. Bell & Sons, London: 1912; 600pp; hb/pb (Colonial edition)
Holden & Hardingham, London: 1921; 254pp; hb (abridged)
The House on the Marginalia, 1944 (see A-14)
Ballantine Books, New York: 1972; 2 vols, 244+xi pp each; pb Pan/Ballantine, London: 1973; 2 vols as above; pb
Hyperion Press, Westport, CT: 1976; 254pp; hb
Sphere Books, London: 1979; 419pp; pb
19. OUT OF THE STORM (collection: 7 stories)
Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, RI: 1975; 104pp; hb (also contains a long biographical introduction by the compiler Sam Moskowitz which is missing from the next edition)
Centaur Books, New York: 1980; pp; pb
- Contains: "William Hope Hodgson's Sam Moskowitz's 'A Tropical Horror'; "Out of the Storm"; "The Flaming of the Orikum"; "Eloi Eloi Lema Sabachthani"; "The Terror of the Water Tank"; "The Albatross"; "The Hunting of the Lady Shannon".
20. AFRYHINDER OF THE (HAWAIIAN) (NP)
The Red Magazine 1 November 1912
The Luck of the Storm, 1916 (see A-15)
Sea Breeze, 1917 (see A-8)
21. THE ADVENTURE WITH THE CLAIN JUMPER (NP)
The Red Magazine 13 January 1915
"Caraguna and Forns and Anecdotes", 1914 (see A-4)
The Luck of the Storm, 1916 (see A-15)
22. THE ALBATROSS
Argosy, July 1911
New Magazine October 1912
Montblanc and Herring, ed. Alden M. Horton (8 Sam Moskowitz), Berkeley Medallion, New York: 1969 (pb)
Out of the Storm, 1975 (see A-10)
23. THE RAINOFF EXPLOSIVE
-- see "Eloi Eloi Lema Sabachthani"
24. THE BELLS OF THE "LAUGHING SALLY" (NP)
The Red Magazine 15 April 1914
"Caraguna and Forns and Anecdotes", 1914 (see A-4)
The Luck of the Storm, 1916 (see A-15)
25. EULION (NP)
(scheduled for Everybody's, March 1911, but not published)
26. THE CALL IN THE DARK
Open Waters, 1967 (see A-8)
27. CAPTAIN DANG
--unpublished
28. CAPTAIN GIMNOT CHARITY AND THE PAINTED LADY (NP)
(original magazine publication unidentified)
The Luck of the Storm, 1916 (see A-15)
29. THE CAPTAIN OF THE ONION BOAT (NP)
Nash's Magazine December 1910
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
30. THE CASE OF THE CHINESE CURIO DEALER (NP)
London Magazine October 1914
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-5; as "The Case of the Curio Dealer")
31. CONTRABAND OF WAR (NP)
London Magazine, (?)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-5)
32. THE CREW OF THE 'LANCING'
Over the Edge ed. August Derleth, Arkham House, Sauk City, WI: 1964 (hb); Victor Gollancz, London: 1967 (hb); Arrow Books, London: 1970 (pb)
Open Waters, 1967 (see A-8)
Waters, More Boreas ed. Vic Gidalin & Roger Elwood, Manor Books, New York: 1975 (pb)
33. DATE 1965: MODERN WARFARE
The New Age 24 December 1968
34. THE DERELICT
The Red Magazine 1 December 1912
All Fiction February 1916
Sea of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
A Century of Horror Stories ed. Dennis Wheatley, Hutchinson, London: 1935 (hb)
Victory Fantasy Magazine December 1943
Super Science & Fantastic Stories (Comrad), April 1945
Avon Fantasy Reader No. 4, ed. Donald A. Nollheim, Avon Books, New York: 1947



20. "PROMIS" AND "A DREAM OF X" (collection: 1 abridged novel, 1 story, 12 poems)
H.E. Page, New York: 1912; 84pp; pb
- Contains "A Dream of X" (42pp condensation of The Night Land, "Whitney", verse)
21. POEMS OF THE SEA (collection: 17 poems)
Ferret Fantasy, London: 1977; 64pp; pb, illus (various)
(also available in large buckram-bound 1st. ed. of 50 copies)
- Contains: The Calling of the Sea and The Voice of the Ocean
22. THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN (long narrative poem)
Selwyn & Mount, London: 1920; 66pp; hb; 1st. ed. 500 copies
Fauna of the Sea, 1977 (see A-21)

B - SHORT FICTION (Non-fantasy stories are identified by NP)

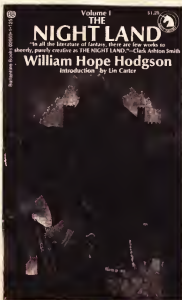
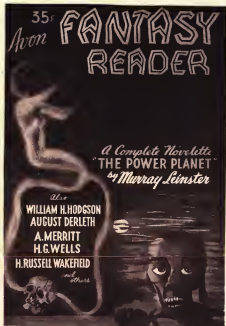
1. THE ADVENTURE OF THE GARTER (NP)
London Magazine, (?)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-5)



1. The Science Fiction Galaxy ed. Groff Conklin, Permabooks, New York: 1950 (hb)
Dark Shadows ed. R.C. Bull, Arthur Barker, London: 1954, 1968 (hb)
Sails of Fear ed. Dennis Wheatley, Arrow Books, London: 1964 (pb); reprinted as
Dennis Wheatley's Book of Horror Stories: 1 Hutchinson, London: 1968 (hb)
John Horror Stories, 2 ed. John Kair Cross, Faber, London: 1965 (hb)
Satan's Secret, 1967 (see A-8)
Masters of Terror, 1977 (see A-16)
16. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND WITH A VENGEANCE (NF)
The Red Magazine January 1918
17. THE DIAMOND KEY (NF) /Capt. Gault/
London Magazine, (7)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-3)
18. THE CRIM OF SACCHARINE (NF) /Capt. Gault/
London Magazine, (7)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-3)
19. ELITE ELITE LAMA SARACHUNAI
Nash's Weekly 17 September 1919 (as "The Seumoff Explosive")
Wired Tales Fall 1975
Out of the Storm, 1975 (see A-19)
- THE FIFTH MESSAGE FROM THE TIDELESS SEA
--see "More News From the Homebird"
20. THE FIND
Carnegie's Ghost-Finder, 1948 (see A-58) /Carnegie/
The Idler January 1910
21. THE FINDING OF THE GRAZEN
The Red Magazine 15 February 1913
Wired Tales Summer 1974
Out of the Storm, 1975 (see A-19)
Masters of Terror, 1977 (see A-16)
22. THE FRIENDSHIP OF MONSIEUR JEYMOIS (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 August 1915
23. FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED (NF) /Capt. Gault/
London Magazine, (7)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-3)
- 24A. FROM THE TIDELESS SEA
The Monthly Story Magazine April 1906
The London Magazine May 1907
- 24B. FROM THE TIDELESS SEA incorporating sequel MORE NEWS FROM THE HOMEIRD
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
Wired Tales, 1975 (see A-8)
The Taste of Fear ed. Hugh Lamb, W.N. Allen, London: 1976 (hb)
Masters of Terror ed. Michel Perry, V. Gollancz, London: 1976 (hb)
25. THE GATEWAY OF THE MONSTER /Carnegie/
The Idler January 1910
Carnegie's Ghost-Finder, 1913, 1948 (see A-5A & A-5B)
Horror Journals ed. Roger Elwood & Vic Ghidella, Macfadden Books, New York: 1971 (pb)
The Supernatural Solution ed. Michel Perry, Panther Books, St. Alban's, UK: 1976 (pb)
26. THE GEMSON SPT (NF) /Capt. Gault/
London Magazine, (7)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-3)
27. THE GETTING EVEN OF 'PARSON' CYLES (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 November 1914
The Luck of the Strong, 1916 (see A-15)
28. THE GETTING EVEN OF TOMMY DODD (NF)
The Red Magazine 15 August 1912
29. THE GHOSTS OF THE 'GLEN BOON' (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 December 1911
30. THE GIRL WITH THE GREY EYES (NF)
The Red Magazine 15 January 1913
31. THE GOODNESS OF DEATH
Wired Tales April 1904
Unofficial Adventures No. 1 ed. Gene Marshall & Carl F. Woods, Robert Weinberg, Chicago: 1977 (pb)
32. THE HABITANTS OF MIDDLE ISLET
Out of the Storm ed. August Derleth, Arkham House, Sauk City, WI: 1962;
Mayflower-Dell, London: 1965 (pb)
John Peters, 1967 (see A-8)
Dark Imaginations ed. Robert M. Boyer & Kenneth B. Zahaski, Dell Books, New York: 1974 (pb)
33. THE HAUNTED JARVEE /Carnegie/
Carnegie's Ghost-Finder, 1948 (see A-58)
Avon Fantasy Reader No. 18 ed. Donald A. Wellheim, Avon Books, New York: 1952 (pb)
34. THE HAUNTED 'FAWVERD'
Premier Magazine March 1919
The Haunted 'Fawverd', 1940 (see A-12)
35. THE HAUNTING OF THE LADY SHANNON
(original magazine publication unidentified)
Out of the Storm, 1975 (see A-19)
36. THE HOG /Carnegie/
Wired Tales January 1947
Carnegie's Ghost-Finder, 1948 (see A-58)
37. THE HORN-COMING OF CAPTAIN DAN (NF)
The Red Magazine May 1918
38. THE HORROR OF THE INVISIBLE /Carnegie/
The Idler April 1910
Carnegie's Ghost-Finder, 1913, 1948 (see A-5A & 8)
The Mists of Morning Hughes, ed. Hugh Greene, The Bodley Head, London: 1970 (hb);
Fantome Books, New York: 1970 (pb); Penguin Books, London: 1971 (pb)
39. THE HOUSE AMONG THE LAURELS /Carnegie/
The Idler February 1910
Carnegie's Ghost-Finder, 1913, 1948 (see A-5A & 8)
The Wild Light Company ed. Peter Haining, V. Gollancz, London: 1970 (hb); Sphere
Books, London: 1971 (pb); Tappin, New York: 1971 (pb)
40. HOW SIR HEROLD TREITH DEALT WITH THE DUTCH IN CAINSTON COVE (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 May 1910
41. HOW THE HONOURABLE SILLY DANRELL RAISED THE HIND (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 March 1913
42. THE INN OF THE BLACK CROW (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 October 1915
43. THE ISLAND OF THE CROSSBONES (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 January 1914
44. THE ISLAND OF THE UD /Capt. Jet/
The Red Magazine 15 May 1912
Secret Stories (US) October 1912
The Luck of the Strong, 1916 (see A-15)
Century of Horror Stories ed. Dennis Wheatley, Hutchinson, London: 1935 (hb)
Shifts of Fear ed. Dennis Wheatley, Arrow Books, London: 1964 (pb); entitled
Dennis Wheatley's Book of Horror Stories: 1, Hutchinson, London: 1965 (hb)
Deep Waters, 1967 (see A-8)
45. JUDGE BARCLAY'S WIFE (NF)
The London Magazine July 1912
Adventure October 1912
46. KIND, KIND AND GENTLE IS SHE (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 April 1913
47. MR. JOCK DANPLANT (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 April 1912
48. MORE NEWS FROM THE HOMEIRD
(sequel to "From the Tideless Sea" 8-24A)
Wired Tales May 1907
The London Magazine May 1911 (as "The Fifth Message from the Tideless Sea")
- subsequent reprintings are combined with "From the Tideless Sea", see 8-24B
49. MY HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED THE HOUSE OF PRAYER (NF)
Cornhill Magazine May 1911
Today's Magazine June 1911
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
50. MY LADY'S JEWELS (NF) /Capt. Gault/
London Magazine, (7)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-3)
51. THE MYSTERY OF CAPTAIN CHAPPELL (NF)
The Red Magazine 15 April 1917
52. THE MYSTERY OF THE OBEISSET
The Story Teller July 1907
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
Avon Fantasy Reader No. 17 ed. Donald A. Wellheim, Avon Books, New York: 1951 (pb) (as "The Mystery of the Sergeant")
Deep Waters, 1967 (see A-8)
Masters of Terror, 1977 (see A-16)
Forgotten Tales of Terror ed. Hugh Lamb, Maynard Books, Eyre Methuen, London: 1978 (pb)
- THE MYSTERY OF THE SHIP IN THE NIGHT
--see "The Stone Ship"
53. THE MYSTERY OF THE WATER-LOGGED SHIP (NF)
The Grand Magazine May 1911
54. OUT OF THE STORM
Pictorial's Monthly February 1906
55. THE PHANTOM SHIP (variant ending to The Ghost Pirates)
Shadow 20, October 1973
Horror Journals ed. See Moshkowitz, Berkley Books, New York: 1974 (pb) (as "The Silent Ship")
A Centenary Tribute, 1977 (see A-7)
56. 'PRENTICES' MURDER (NF - true experiences) -
The Star-Bulletin Magazine February - April 1912
Pictorial and A Dream of It, 1912 (see A-20)
57. THE PROBLEM OF THE PEARLS (NF) /Capt. Gault/
London Magazine, (7)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-3)
58. THE REAL THING: S.O.S. (NF)
Cornhill Magazine January 1917
59. THE RED MERRING (NF) /Capt. Gault/
London Magazine, (7)
Captain Gault, 1917 (see A-3)
60. THE REGENERATION OF CAPTAIN BULLY KILLER (NF)
The Red Magazine 15 March 1915

61. THE RIVEN NIGHT
Shadow 19, April 1975
A Contrary Tribune, 1977 (see A-7)
62. SEA HORSES
The London Magazine March 1913
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
Deep Waters, 1957 (see A-8)
63. THE SEARCHER OF THE END HOUSE
Carnacki the Ghost-Finder, 1913, 1948 (see A-5A & B)
64. THE SECOND WAVE OF "THE SUBTERR" (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 May 1913
65. THE SHAMBRAKEN HORNWARD-BROODER
Futurist's Monthly April 1908
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
Deep Waters, 1957 (see A-8)
- SILENT SHIP
--see "The Stone Ship"
- THE SILENT SHIP
--see "The Phantom Ship"
66. THE SMOGLERS (NF)
Grand Magazine March 1911
67. THE STONE SHIP
The Red Magazine 1 July 1914 (as "The Mystery of the Ship in the Night")
Short Stories (US), August 1918 (as "Mystery Ship")
The Jack of the Strong, 1916 (see A-15)
Avon Fantasy Reader No. 2 ed. Donald A. Wollheim, Avon Books, New York: 1949 (pb)
Dave Jones' Mounted Locker ed. Robert Arthur, Random House, New York: 1945 (hb)
Deep Waters, 1957 (see A-8)
The Successors in Stained Glass ed. Richard Dalby, Tom Stacey, London: 1971 (hb)
Masters of Terror, 1977 (see A-16)
68. THE TERROR OF THE WATER TANK
Blue Jack September 1907
Naked Tales Winter 1973
Out of the Storm, 1975 (see A-10)
Masters of Terror, 1977 (see A-16)
69. THE THING IN THE WEEDS
The Story-Teller January 1912
Deep Waters, 1957 (see A-8)
70. THE THING INVISIBLE
The Red Magazine January 1912
Carnacki the Ghost-Finder, 1913, 1948 (see A-5A & B)
71. THROUGH THE VORTEX OF A CYCLONE (NF)
Futurist's Monthly November 1907 (with photos)
Cornhill Magazine November 1907 (without photos)
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
72. "A TIMELY ESCAPE" (NF)
Blue Magazine June 1922
- THE TRIMMING OF CAPTAIN DUNKEN
--see "He Two and Bully Dunken"
73. A TROPICAL HORROR
The Grand Magazine June 1906
Naked Tales Summer 1973
Out of the Storm, 1975 (see A-19)
Masters of Terror, 1977 (see A-16)
74. THE VALLEY OF LOST CHILDREN
The Cornhill Magazine February 1906
75. THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT
Blue Jack November 1907
Nash's Magazine January 1910
Men of the Deep Waters, 1914 (see A-17)
Dave Jones' Mounted Locker ed. Robert Arthur, Random House, New York: 1945 (hb)
They Kill Again ed. Colin de la Harpe, Faber, London: 1931 (hb); retitled *The Ghost Book*, They Kill Again Faber, London: 1932 (hb); Dutton, New York: 1931, 1937, 1942 (pb)
Avon Fantasy Reader No. 1 ed. Donald A. Wollheim, Avon Books, New York: 1947 (pb)
Second Time and Space ed. August Overholt, Pelligrini & Galsbury, New York: 1950 (hb)
Stories They Wouldn't Let Me Do On TV ed. Alfred Hitchcock, Simon & Schuster, New York: 1956 (hb); Reinhardt, London: 1957 (hb); Dell, New York: 1958, 1961, 1962 (pb); Pan, London: 1960, 1967 (pb)
Use the Mummy ed. R.C. Bull, Macdonald, London: 1937 (hb)
Spine Chillers ed. Elizabeth Lee, Fleck, London: 1961 (hb)
The Fantasy Book of Great Short Stories ed. Robert Altman, Fontana, London: 1964 etc (pb); Borel Books, New York: 1971 (pb)
Best Tales of Terror 2 ed. Edward Crispin, Faber, London: 1965 (hb)
Deep Waters, 1957 (see A-8)
More Tales to Tremble by ed. Stephen P. Sutton, Whitman, Racine, WI: 1966 (hb)
Science Fiction to Goshawk ed. Sam Moskowitz, World, Chicago: 1968 (hb)
The Avon Fantasy Reader ed. George Emmsberger, Avon Books, New York: 1949 (pb)
Masters of Terror, 1977 (see A-16)
The Hounded Sea ed. Peter C. Smith, Wm. Kimber, London: 1980 (hb)
Short Stories
Barnes & Noble (UK), April 1981 (includes an introduction by Peter Berresford Ellis ("Peter Tremayne"))
76. HE TWO AND BULLY DUNKEN (NF)
The Red Magazine 1 August 1914 (as "The Trimming of Captain Dunken")
The Jack of the Strong, 1916 (see A-15)
77. THE NEED MEN
The Books of the "Glen Carrig" Chapter 13, 1907 (see A-1)
The Thrill of Horror ed. Hugh Lamb, W.N. Allen, London: 1975 (hb); Taplinger, New York: 1976 (nb)
78. WHAT HAPPENED IN THE THUNDERBOLT (NF)
The Red Magazine 15 January 1916
79. THE WHISTLING ROOM
The Idler March 1910
Carnacki the Ghost-Finder, 1913, 1948 (see A-5A & B)
A Century of Horror Stories ed. Dennis Wheatley, Hutchinson, London: 1935 (hb)
Stories They Wouldn't Let Me Do On TV ed. Alfred Hitchcock, Simon & Schuster, New York: 1956 (hb); Reinhardt, London: 1957 (hb); Dell Books, New York: 1962, 1967 (pb); Pan Books, London: 1964 (pb)
Quiver of Horror ed. Dennis Wheatley, Arrow Books, London: 1964 (pb); retitled *Dennis Wheatley's Book of Horror Stories*: 2 Hutchinson, London: 1968 (hb)
Masters of Terror No. 9, June 1963
Paul Link ed. Henry Muzzey, Doubleday, New York: 1968 (nb)
Tales of Terror ed. Anthony Masters, Arrow Books, London: 1976 (pb)
80. THE WILD MAN OF THE SEA
Travelers & Nights ed. August Berleth, Arkham House, Sauk City, WI: 1967 (hb); V. Gollancz, London: 1970 (nb)

Note: The basic information for this bibliography was derived from Sam Moskowitz's bibliography of Hodgson as published in *Out of the Storm* and from George Locke's index to fantasy in *The Red Magazine* as published in *Search & Research* No. 1, November 1975, and subsequently augmented from both my own collection and that of Richard Dalby's.



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106	Ellison, Harlan	MEMOS FROM PURGATORY	Dillon
107	Traven, B.	THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS	Ron Bradford
108	Ellison, Hal	THE TORMENT OF THE KIDS	Richard Frooman
109	Cooper, Clarence L.	NEED	W.A. Smith
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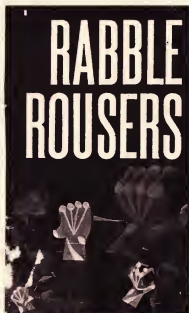
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